Hung from the flies in air, She acts a palpable lie; She's as little a fairy there As unpoetical I! I hear you asking, why, Why in the world I sing This tawdry, tinsiled thing?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green
From a highly impossible tree
In a highly impossible scene,
(Herself not over clean.)
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions course or sold

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounced the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be,
With her skirt at her shameful knee,
And her painted, tainted phiz,—
Ah matron which of us is? Ah, matron, which of us is? (And in sooth it oft occurs That while these matrons sigh,

Their dresses are lower than hers, And sometimes half as high: And their hair is hair they buy, And they use their glasses, too. In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green For a coarse merino gown, And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den;
She's a fairy truly, then!
[One of W. S. Gilbert's "Bab" Ballads.

A Young Speculator's Success The Oil City (Pa.) Derrick of the 22d of April relates the following:—It was just one year ago that the new oil exchange in this city was opened to the public. What a book it would make if the stories of all the money in ake if the stories of all the money made and lost in the exchange during that time could be truthfully told. One little transaction has come under our notice. On the day the new exchange was opened the ruling quotation for oil was \$1.30. That evening, after the excitement of the day was over, a young man with but little money and an older gentleman with more capital were discussing the market. The younger man, in the course of conversation,

"What do you think of the market?"
"Oh, I think oil is cheap at present prices.
The market can't go much lower. There's too much capital ready for investment." "Perhaps that's so; but I'm feeling bearish," replied the young man. "I believe it will go to one dollar."

"Oh, pshaw! never!" returned the other. "Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the enthusiastic young 'bear.' "I've got \$100 that I'll give you for the privilege of 'putting' 10,000 barrels any time during the year at one dollar a "Oh, pshaw! I don't want to take your money. It would be just like throwing it

"Well, I hardly think the market will go there myself, but I would like to get the 'put' a hedge."
"All right, I'll let you have it," was the reply. "I know it's not business-like to sell a 'put' for

so long a time and for so small an amount of ney; but I'll let you have it." The \$100 was paid and the contract made. The young man remained "short" of the oil, during the entire year, until the latter part of October, when he bought 10,000 barrels at 80 cents a barrel. He knew that this secured him \$2,000, and he was afraid to wait longer for a mped up to \$1.13. Then he sold 10,000 bar-which a friend had been carrying for him rels, which a friend had been carrying for him at \$1.10, thus clearing \$3,000 on the purchase at 80 cents, and still having his "put." At the close of the year he "put" the oil, the market then being 97½ cents, but instead of buying the eil he gave the party to whom it was going a seller's option for the year. Yesterday he closed out the transaction at a profit of 22½ cents per barrel, or \$2,250 on the 10,000 barrels. To this add the \$3,000 made on the first turn, and we see that the young man made \$5.250 in one year see that the young man made \$5,250 in one year on a capital of \$100.

May Day Past and Present. May was the second month of the year in the old Alban calendar, third in that of Romulus and fifth in that of Numa Pompilius. In the Alban calendar it only had twenty-six days, and in that of Numa thirty days. The odd day of which Numa deprived it was restored by Julius Cæsar. From an early period it was restored for all rapks of neonle in Faciling custom for all ranks of people in England, France and other European countries to go out "a Maying," as it was called, early on the first of May. In all parts of England, at the dawn of May day the youth of both sexes left their towns and villages and repaired to the wood-lands with music and singing. They gathered the "may," or blossoming branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers. Returning home by sunrise, they decorated the lattices and doors of their dwellings with their lattices and doors of their dwellings with their scented spoils, and spent the rest of the day in sports and pastimes. This was the relic of an ancient custom among the Romans, who observed the four last days of April and the first of May in memory of Flora, the goddess of flowers. The earliest notice of the celebration of May day in England was by the Druids, who used to light large fires on the summits of the hills in honor of the return of spring. How different is the May day of the present from the May day of old times. Now on the first of May the annual household derangement takes place throughout the United States. In most of the cities of the Union, moving of residence is a cities of the Union, moving of residence is a more universal practice than it is anywhere else in the world. The people are more restless, and they have less of the feeling of home attachment than any other section of the Anglo-Saxon family. One house of a given class is so very much like another that it is hardly to be wondered at if the average tenant finds it impossible to develop anything like a strong attachment to any particular combination of wood, brick, mortar and "modern improvements."—[T. J. Bowditch in the Free Press.

SENTIMENTAL AND TRAGIC FLIRTS .- HOW much mischief these sentimental flirts do in their day! They give you the impression that you and you only are the one sweet woman whose love is needed for their happiness. Your touch can heal them, your smile rejoice, your love render blessed. You give into the fond illusion—one of the most seductive to a true woman and find that you are just taken as on man—and find that you are just taken as an experimentalist takes a cat or a dog for vivisection; and that you are only one of many who have been so taken before you—to illustrate that point of female credulity and womanly eartedness which the flirt has set himself to learn by all the methods given to man. Or take the tragic fiirt from the other side of the house, that beautiful little woman with the big eyes and the melodious voice, who sings sad love songs as if she felt them, and around whom melancholy clings as a graceful garment, how many men has not she captured and drowned in the unfathomable abyss of her vanity. She looks all sorrow, and her life has not a cloud; she seems all sentiment, and no neither millstone is harder, more prosaic; she gives you the impression of one seeking consolation, and the merriest little grig who dances all night in pink and rose buds is not more light of heart, more and rose buds is not more light of heart, more free from care. She is a sham all throughout, and she attitudinizes—she does not feel. But clever men believe in her and good ones fall down and worship her, and she rides on the crest of the wave in the world's esteem; while her sister, who disdains falsehood and coquetry alike, gets only scant admiration, and her heart, which never deceived human being, is disregarded as a common kind of thing, worth little love and less endeavor .- [Home Journal.

a colored man here in Richmond, writes a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, whose history might interest those who are giving any thought to the "negro question." He was freed before the war, and hired as a butler in a private family, where he saved one thousand dollars. lars. This sum, which was to him a great for-tune, he hid in his house, where he passed the night. Every morning, before going to work, he counted over his gold. One day, being in a hurry, he left the bag upon his table and locked up the house. When he returned, the gold, the accumulation of years, was gone. The poor man was almost mad with grief, but the next day he began anew to make his fortune. Selling his furniture for \$30 he began buying up second-hand household goods by auction and retailing them at a large profit. This was at the end of the war, when people were coming back to Richmond, and the city was in a state of great confusion everything selling for don of great confusion, everything selling for dou-ble its value, so that this enterprising negro often made as much as \$50 a day. He soon bought a market, and built a \$3,000 house, into which he moved. He then married, and bought a house for his wife's destitute family, educating her sisters, and sending them provisions from the market every week with his own. He now owns several hackney coaches, which bring him in a good deal of money; his market is well patronized, and he is held in high esteem by all—white and black—who know him.

SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A FUNERAL .- An incldent of a rather ludicrous character transpired dent of a rather ludicrous character transpired in an up-town cemetery yesterday. The sexton was busily engaged in fitting up a hole, caused by the removal of a large stump, when a couple of ladies and gentlemen stopped, merely out of curiosity, to witness the operation. An elderly woman, clad in mourning, who had been wandering among the tombstones, approached the group, and drawing a dark-bordered handkerchief from her pocket, raised it to her eyes and began weeping.

began weeping.
"Poor soul," she sobbed, and then, turning to one of the party—a lady who was also clad in mourning—she inquired:

" Is it your mother?" "No," was the reply.

"Your father, then?" she surmised.
"No," again responded the lady interrogated.
"Perhaps a dear brother or sister?" "Neither, I am happy to say," was the response; "he is only filling up a hole."

"Oh!" suddenly exclaimed the would-be sympathizer, with a sigh of relief, "it might have been worse;" and with this remark she moved away.—[Philadelphia Press.

Governor Fremont's Projected Sea. Every now and then some uneasy person, who disapproves of the surface of the earth as at present arranged, steps forward with a plan to cover up some of the land with navigable water. The Valley of the Dead Sea has always been a tempting basin for these assailers of the established, and they live on the hope of seeing a ditch cut which will let into it the waters of the Mediterranean. It needs little imagination to picture the bottom of this parched depression, more than a thousand feet below sea-level, as the "very roofing of Sheol." And in spite of the advantages which the enlarged area of evaporation would bring, in theory, to the climate and temperature of Europe, Asia and Africa, the dread of some convulsion which the weight of 1,300 feet of water might cause, if poured over the hot crust which thinly covers the central fires of the earth in this region of death. will probably discourage judicious persons from trying the experiment. French engineers, too. have been for years measuring heights and dis-tances, with a view to the irrigation of Sahara, the plan being to convert thousands of square miles into an inland sea, with a depth of 300 feet, fed by the Mediterranean. And now comes Gen. Fremont asking the government to help him to extend the Gulf of California by tapping its northern end and letting it run into and fill up the Colorado Desert.

This is not a novel enterprise, and long ago its feasibility and advisability were freely discussed. It seems that the sediment carried down for ages by the great river Colorado at last collected at what was then its mouth, in sufficient quantity to dam off the northern arm of the Gulf of California from any connection with the ocean. The water in this unfed reservoir then slowly evaporated, leaving a dry basin 130 miles by 30, and this, together with the surrounding slopes, soon became a "bladeless desolation," while the river turning southward found entrance to the gulf many miles below. Between this ari i waste and the present head of the gulf lies some thirty miles of soft earth, just lifted above sea-level, and through this Gov. Fremont proposes to cut his canal. It is a highway of commerce that is now contemplated, but originally the main object aimed at by pouring the desert full of water was to restore the natural harmonies which had been disturbed by the drying up of the sea. Human remains prove that the desert was lately fertile, and an old Spanish map is mentioned which places the boundaries of the gulf far beword their present position. This great change yond their present position. This great change in the geography of the region worked incalcu-lable harm, it was held, by desiccating Southern California, and the flooding of the valley would restore the climate and temperature and electrical conditions to what they were a few centuries ago, and by increasing the rainfall would bring fertility and comfort to all the surrounding region. Half a dozen years ago some plausible arguments for turning the Colorado river into the desert for which it is responsible, were set forth in the Overland Monthly. It was there stated that the bed of the river was constantly rising, and that in times of flood it often brimmed over and moisted the parched slopes of the waste. The old channel can still be traced, and little damming and digging would be needed to turn the flood of cool water from the melting snows into the bed of the vanished sea. This would make a fresh water lake instead of an arm of the gulf. Evaporation would probably exceed the supply. That is, the basin might never be completely filled. But the lake would be a large one, and if all the happy consequen-ces predicted did not follow, the canal might be added to restore the original conditions as far as practicable. The physical questions suggested by the scheme are certainly interesting. There are international questions, too, which need to be discussed before the plan can be carried out, and perhaps Gov. Fremont will be many years older before the tides will ebb and flow in his desert sea .- [N. Y. Tribune (condensed).

Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough until a friend from the east paid them a flying visit and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the wood-shed saying: "Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to flinders, but you won't care." "Of course not, and if I beat you, why you

won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man chuckling, as she raked him in. "I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered as he moved a man backwards. "Here! you can't move that way!" she called

"I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born!" She saw a chance to jump two more men and gave in the point, but as she moved he cried "Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to move backwards, even if Hoyle

does permit it?"
She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red and she cried out: "I didn't mean to move there, I was thinking of the social!" "Can't help the social, Martha—we must go

by Hoyle." In about two minutes she jumped two men and went into the king-row, shouting: "Crown him! Crown him! I've got a king!"
"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before!" he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!" "You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart."
"And some ain't!" she snapped, as her king captured another man. "What in thunder are you jumping that way

A king can jump any way!" "No he can't!" "Yes he can! "Don't talk back to me, Martha Grattan! I was playing checkers when you were in your

"I don't care! I can jump two men whichever way you move!"

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case, and roared out: "You've moved twice to my once!" "I'll take my oath you have! I can't play

against any such black-leg practices!"
"Who's a black-leg? You not only cheated,
but you tried to lie out of it!" Board and checkers fell between them. He could get on his hat quicker than she could find could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house first. A Woodward avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along. "Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to-night and see if it won't cure this

cold in my head!-[Detroit Free Press. The Author of "John Halifax." She was obliged to write for her daily bread. and, that she might forget how miserable she was, she wrote a great deal. Of course, with clever men believe in her and good ones fall down and worship her, and she rides on the crest of the wave in the world's esteem; while her sister, who disdains falsehood and coquetry alike, gets only scant admiration, and her heart, which never deceived human being, is disregarded as a common kind of thing, worth little love and less endeavor.—[Home Journal.]

The Story of a Negro Financier.—There is a colored man here in Richmond, writes a cor-

awarded Miss Mulcck. All this fame and unqualified success doubt less assuaged her grief and helped to make life endurable, but to one with such a loving heart and such quick sympathles, bereft of a home and without a relation, her life was still very sad and lonely. But in 1865 Capt. George Lillie Craik, an officer in the English army who had been in the Crimea, met Miss Mulock, and although some years her junior, addressed her and succeeded in winning her hand. They have proved most congenial com-panions, and their married life has been all that they could wish, with but one exception. The woman whose love for children amounts almost to a passion, who wrote "Philip, My King," has been denied the happiness of feeling baby fingers upon her cheeks or of ever hearing herself called mother. This is a severe sorrow, but even this pain has been partially assurant. tially assuaged. Strangely enough, one dark, rainy night, while she and her husband were speaking of children and of the joy and brightness they bring to so many dwellings, there came a loud ring at the bell and then a furious knocking. On overlag the deer lying upon the knocking. On opening the door, lying upon the sill, they found a basket inclosed in many wrappings. When they were removed they discovered a lovely little baby only a few hours old. The child was wrapped in one roll after another of India muslin, and on its breast was pinned a note begging Mrs. Craik to be kind to the little waif thus brought to her door, and assuring her that no mean blood flowed in its veins. Tenderly she lifted the little thing in her loving derly she lifted the little thing in her loving arms, and her heart opened as warmly to take in the poor little deserted creature. They called the child Dorothea, God-given, and she is now their legally adopted daughter whom no one can take from them, not even the parents who so cruelly deserted her. The little girl is most tenderly attached to the only mother and father she has ever known at Christian Union

AN INVENTION IN WALTZING .- Olive Logan in one of her letters writes: "I heard of a rather amusing reply given the other evening at a ball by a American girl in London society, who had strayed away from the ball room. Her mother subsequently discovered her in a remote nook with a gentleman, who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulder. 'Daughter, what's all this?' exclaimed the irate mamma. The daugter looked up calmly and replied: The daugter looked up calmly, and replied:
'Mamma, allow me to introduce Captain X. to you. I had promised him a dance, but I was so tired that I couldn't keep my word, and I'm just giving him a sitting-still waltz instead."

she has ever known .- [Christian Union.

Eccentric Paul Morphy. A letter in the Cincinnati Commercial contains the following interesting particulars regarding the once famous chess player, Paul Morphy:

My anxiety to learn all I could about Paul Morphy led me to examine the directory and wander to the place designated as his residence. No. 89 Reyal s'reet, a plain house of the old style, with a broad, double door, without step or vestibule, opening right to the sidewalk.
The establishment of a jeweller takes up all of the lower front except the entrance door. I made some preliminary inquiries of a neighbor, who told me that Mr. Morphy was at home, in good health, and able to see people; he walked out a good deal. In answer to a ring at the bell a negro female appeared, who told me about the same things, and added that he was in, and that I could see him. She went away to announce me, leaving me to observe the broad hall with cemented floor and walls, and look through the archway at the end into a flowering court beyond. The colored damsel returned, saying that she was mistaken; that Mr. Morphy had gone out with his mother, but that I could see him at another time. I have since come to regard it as a very fortunate circumstance that I failed to see him while misunderstanding the tive state of affairs. I learned from undeniable authority that he utterly repudiates chess, that when addressed on the subject he either flies into a passion or denies that he ever did know anything of the game. Occasionally I hear he admits that he used to play chess some, but not enough to justify persons in attaching notoriety to him. He professes to be a lawyer of prominence, and although he has no office, no clients and spends hours promenading Canal street daily, he imagines himself so pressed with business that he cannot realize himself for the briefest time. The great case that absorbs nearly all his attention is an imaginary one against parties who had charge of an estate left him by his father. He demands a detailed, explicit account of everything connected with their administration for a number of years; and they pay no attention to his demands and repeated suits, because it is supposed of the trouble, and because everybody else interested is satisfied and knows there is nothing coming to him, he already having expended more than is expectancy. At certain hours every day Paul Morphy is as sure to be walking on Canal street as Canal street is sure to be there to walk on. People shun him for the reason that the least encouragement will result in being compelled to listen for hours to the same old story that everybody knows by heart—that relating to his father's estate. He talks of nothing else and apparently thinks of nothing else. His personal appearance is not at all striking, and were it not for his singularity of manner he would rarely be noticed in a crowded thoroughwould rarely be noticed in a crowded thoroughfare. He is of less than medium height, and
thin in body; his face is yellow, careworn,
showing every day of his forty-two years of
age, and destitute of beard except an effort at a
moustache on a thick upper lip; his eyes are
dark gray, large and intelligent. He is always,
while an the street, either moving his lips in
solileany, removing and replacing eye-glasses soliloguy, removing and replacing eye-glasses, or smiling and bowing in response to imaginary salutations. His scrupulously neat dress renders him a much more agreeable object of curiosity than he would be if he were negligent in his attire. Physicians regard his as a very peculiar case, amenable to treatment, possibly, i placed under their care; but no opportunity is afforded, as he regards himself as sane as any man, is harmless to society, and is well cared for by willing relatives. Medical experts who have made mental phenomena a study, also say that his chess strength is probably not at all impaired, possibly increased from long rest, and that if he were so inclined he could astonish the world with his wonderful powers more than ever. Judging, however, from his long retirement from the chess arena, and from his persistent devotion to his insane idea, it is only a die interence that Paul Morphy is for ever lost to the chess world, and that he will continue to keep buried those talents that would benefit the world and gain honor for himself, together with the wealth he wants and needs, and which he is striving for so energetically in a way that is visionary and hopeless.

A Literary Character. When Simpkins was invited to attend a literary party on the south side, a few nights began studying the prominent quotations and familiar sayings in order to make a good impression on several ladies whom he expected to be present, as well as the general company. He had his route all laid out, as the showman say, and knew just where he was going to put in the phrases, which he had jotted down in a note book in case his memory should fail. He was late on purpose, and as his hostess welcomed him, he said;

"As Shakespeare remarks, its better late than—than—not to get around at all, you know," and then he dropped down with a very red face into a corner and took a peep at his book to see what it was he intended to say. He was soon seated beside a fair lady, who began conversation by remarking that "The present age of poetry seems to appeal to the sentiments less than the passions, and the future we should hope would bring a more "Yes, yes," said Simpkins; "undoubtedly the future will, for you know the-the saying is,

never too late to-to-darn stockings-no! no!never too late to put in a stitch in time saves nine. No, that isn't what I meant to say, either; read all his phrases over again. When he emerged and joined a circle at a table he was caught between two young ladies, each of whom came in for a share of his attentions, until he said: "How happy could I be with either, if tother dear charmer was—was—if she'd go tother dear charmer was-was-if she'd go

And then Simpkins broke for the door as a horrified expression came over the young ladies' faces, and grasping his hat he rushed from the ouse and down the street, murmuring: " How sharper than a toothless child it is to have aa-" and then he fainted dead away .- [Burlington Hawkeye.

Josh Billings' Advice to the "Quire"

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good snape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair; if he is very rich buy some more and build it up high upon your head; then get a high-prised bunnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the milliner to plant some high grown artefishals onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as sophrano is the highest part. sing high, as sophrano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on second seet from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle. your book to your face and giggle.
Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the sophrano. Coff and ham a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artafishels off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side and open your mouth the widest on that side, shet the eye on the same side jest a triphle, and then put in for dear When the preacher gits under hedwey with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf

of your note book That's what the leaf was made for. Git sumbody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it and then giggle. If anybody talks or laffs in the congregashun and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chants for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsent say any thing to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a how before you went to the cuire you had a bow before you went into the quire give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody better now. Don't forget to giggle.

The Matter with Women's Shoes. Let me give you the result of my observation and thought:—The sole is too narrow! My friend, Mrs. C., in reading the chapter in "Our Girls" devoted to "Boots and Shoes," came to say that, although she was a great sufferer from corns and a general sore and crippled con-dition of feet, her shoes were nevertheless enormous, twice as large as her feet. She wished I would see if it was not so. I examined the shoes and agreed with her that they were too large. As sne stepped, it was doubtless true, as she said, that her foot rocked over first on this side and then on that. Now it pressed over on the outside, rubbing down over the edge of the sole and touching the ground, and perhaps, if the ground was at all uneven, on the very next step, her boot would rock over on the other side of the sole. Such friction between the little toe and the big toe joints against the upper leather must inevitably produce corns. I think the majority of shoes are too large. Mrs. C. wished me to accompany her to the shoemaker's and see what I could do for her relief, for really life was becoming a torture. We

went to her own shoemaker. Mrs. C. hobbled o a seat and declared:-"I won't try to walk again, there!"
Her shoe was removed and Mr. Shoemaker
marked around her foot, while she was standing upon it. We measured the mark and found hat it was exactly four inches. That was the width of her foot when she stepped on it without a shoe. Then we measured the sole of the shoe she had been wearing and found it two and a half inches. Here was the secret of the whole trouble

A pair of shoes were made for her at once with soles four inches broad. Now she can walk for hours without a pain in There are millions of poor sufferers in the country, who are limping and hobbling through the world, who might be perfectly relieved and cured by the same means.—[Dr. Dio Lewis.

men discovered near the Winter Palace. They speak cautiously and in whispers.
First Nihilist—Killed anything this morning?
Second Nihilist—Nothing but a duke. They're keeping close under cover now. What luck?
First Nihilist—Two copereds First Nibilist—Two generals. Second Nibilist—Fat, aren't they? I'm waiting here to get a crack at the Emperor.
First Nihilist—No use. They say he dodges
now like a duck at the flash. Look out! Here comes an Imperial gamekeeper .- [N.Y. Graphic

The Indians of Patagonia.

[From "Wanderings in Pa'agonia."]
"I do not wish to incur the charge of attempt ing to revive the exploded legend of the 'noble savage' in favor of the Tehuelche race, but must say that in general intelligence, gentle-ness of temper, chastity of conduct, and conscientious behavior in their social and domestic relations, they are immeasurably superior not only to the other South American Indigenou tribes, but also, all their disadvantages being taken into consideration, to the general run of civilized white men. Their natural talents are displayed in a marked manner by the rapidity with which they pick up a new language, and the ease with which they grasp the totally new ideas which the acquiring of a complex foreign tongue must necessarily entail on a race whose original range of thought is of a most limited nature. Among the southern Tehuelches I met several who spoke Spanish with ready ease, notwithstanding that they seldom had opportunities of practising it. There was one Indian, who called himself Capt. Johnson, who sur-prised me very much when I first met him by asking me with a round British oath for 'a plug of tobacco.

Polygamy is admitted on principle; but no man may marry more wives than he can afford to maintain, and there is, therefore, seldom more than one mistress to each household Marriages de convenance are very rare: but as a matter of form, the bride is purchased from her parents for a certain number of mares, or whatever objects her lover can afford to give. But as the dowry of the girl generally quite compensates for the expense her lover has incurred in obtaining her, the transaction must be considered rather as an exchange of presents than as a mere unsentimental bargain. Out of mere curiosity to learn the technical details of Tehuelche marriage settlements I cace entered into negotiations with a rich old squaw for the purpose of contracting matri-mony with her daughter, who was a charming girl of about 15. The price we finally agreed upon was eight mares, a bag of biscuits and some sugar, which I was to procure from Sandy Point. The dowry of the daughter consisted in four new guanaco mantles. I held out for five. and, on my remaining inflexible on this point, the negotiations fell through." Again we read:-

"Husband and wife seem always to get on very well together; indeed one of the pleas-antest traits in the Tehuelche character is the affection with which relations regard one another. The love of the parents toward their offspring is almost morbid in its intensity. Their grief at the decease of an only child fre quently manifests itself in the most exaggerated manner. It is not unusual in such cases for the parents to burn all their belongings, kill all their horses, and reduce themselves to a state of utter poverty—a touching proof of the sin-cerity and depth of their sorrow, if not of the soundness of their views on practical economy. When an Indian dies, however many horses he may possess, they are all killed, and his other belongings are scrupulously burned. Thus, no family can acquire such a preponderance of wealth as would enable it in time to obtain an ascendant influence over and curtail the liberties of the rest of the tribe. Whatever the defects of system may be from the political economist's this point of view, it seems to be very well adpted to the desires and circumstances of the Tehuelches; and as an instance how socialistic tendencies may be practically modified to suit certain exceptional conditions of existence it is perhaps not without some interest." Of the Patagonian generally Mr. Beerbohm writes:—
"If required to distinguish the Tehuelche by

a single characteristic epithet I should call him not the noble, but the happy savage. Far from being saturnine or grave, he is as light-hearted as a child, all mirth and contentment, and wonderfully easily moved to laughter. Life is in-deed, a very pleasant matter for him. Without any exertion on his part being i wants are supplied in abundance. He has no onerous daily drudgery to undergo; he has no enemies to fear; he is not driven from his hunting-grounds to starvation and death like his North American cousins, by the ever advancing white man. He is seldom visited by sickness, and his life is unusually prolonged. That he has absolutely no troubles I will not affirm, but if he has any he certainly takes them very lightly."

Base Ball-A Sigh for the Old-fashioned Game. Now approaches the season of smashed ingers, slashed noses and mashed eyes. The time for "Red Stockings," "Champion Nines,"
"Leather Overalls," "Bruziers," "Carmine Proboscises," "Blue Racers," "Ginger Snappers,"
"Baby Rangers," and other euphoniously named
base ball clubs, has come. There was a time when base ball was fun. That time has long since passed away. There are probably remote portions of the country where there is still some amusement in a game of base ball—where the rustic inhabitants have not yet learned how awfully scientific the game really has become.

liable whack he runs for all he is worth. When the other fellow gets the ball he doesn't place it quietly on the base, but he huris it with unerring precision at the runner and knocks two dollars' worth of breath out of his body. The runner is then out. He generally goes and lies on the grass to think over matters and rub the spot where the ball hit. But the balls in those days were not the

globular bricks they are now. Any boy with a little ingenuity and an old stocking could make a ball. A piece of cork or a bit of rubber to make it "bounce," did to start on. Then the old stocking was ravelled and the yarn wound on this rubber basis until the ball reached proper proportions, when it was covered with leather. The boy who owned a nice, soft covered ball, was a king among his kind. Next to him came the boy with a good bat.

The principal official in the old style of base ball was the fellow who sat on the top rail of the fence and kept tally. He cut the notches for one party on one edge of a shingle, and for the other on the other edge. Sometimes a good tallyer would do more for his favorite side than its best betsman its best batsman.

There were no umpires in those days for both captains to quarrel with. When the two captains were ready to choose sides, one tossed a ball-club to the other and they went hand over hand to the top; the last hand that held the club had the first choice of players.

Sometimes a boy would insist that his hand was the last, while it projected over the end of the bat. This was settled by another boy striking with another bat at the end of the choosing bat. If the last hand could stand the strokes it was all right, but if the hand projected a little too high it was generally withdrawn after the first blow. Those were the days when base hall was not composed of four parts science to one of fun.

parts science to one of fun.

THE ORIGIN OF SHAVING .- The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had a habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterwards shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army and then among the Greek citizens. The Romans initiated the Greeks in the practice of they imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric. In the middle ages, at the time of the Renaissance, shaving was introduced and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that, in its turn, was replaced by realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost resisted by his subjects with the utmost resistance, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believe, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about 20 years ago, but even yet the majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alex-

HE HAD BEEN TO PINAFORE .- He came swaying up from below, singing—
"For I'm Little Buttercup,

Dear little Gutter Pup"—
When the justice gently asked him if he would stop his noise. "Can't do it, squire-I'll lose it-I'll lose it-I'm little-"Lose what—what have you got to lose?"
"Lose the tune, man. Went t' the opera last night-see little Gutter---' "And where did you go after the opera was over?" asked the court.
"Went straight to the hotel—straight. P'leceman showed me the way. What's my bill? Where's the feller t' keeps this hotel—I'm a little gutter pup-"Yes, you're evidently a little gutter pup," said the justice, sadly—"your hotel bill will be five dollars, with the understanding that you follow the company out of town, and play the character of gutter pup somewhere else." [Syracuse Sunday Times.

SPANKING AS A CURE.—Spanking has varied uses. A child at Fort Wayne, Indiana had the misfortune to suck a kernel of corn into its misfortune to suck a kernel of corn into its windpipe. The doctor was sent for in haste and announced that it would be necessary to perform the operation of tracheotomy to save the child's life. The Hoosier mother, familiar with a practice of domestic surgery of a different sort, and not pleased with the idea of having the child's windpipe cut open, seized the sufferer by one leg, and holding him up, head downward, administered sundry resounding spanks. There was a sound not unlike the report of a roogen, and the kernel of corn was report of a popgun, and the kernel of corn was ejected with great force. The child was at once relieved, and recovered, of course.

There is a dog in Norwic 1, Conn., who is entitled to salvage from the insurance companies. In an emergency he never falls to raise an alarm. Recently the straw bedding under a THE RUSSIAN SITUATION.—Two Nihilist sportshorse in a stable caught fire. The dog rushed into the stall, drew the burning blanket from the horse and carried it into the street, burning himself quite severely. A German inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather sole employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk

safely over slippery roads.

The Household.

To WHITEN IVORY. - Slack some lime in water; put your ivory in the water, after being decanted from the grounds, and boil it till it looks quite white. To polish it afterward, set it in the turner's wheel, and, after having worked, take rushes and pumice-stones, subtile powder., with water, subit till it looks perfec by smooth Next to that, heat it by turning it against a piece of linen or sheep skin leather, and when hot, rub it over with a little dry whiting diluted in oil of olives; then, with a little dry whiting alone; finally with a piece of soft white rag. When all this is performed as directed, the ivory will look very white.—[Useful

IMPERIAL BLUE TO DYE .- Water, one gallon, sulphuric acid, a wineglassful, imperial blue, one tablespoonful or more, according to shade required; put in the silk and boil 10 minutes, wash in a weak solution of soap lather.

TO CLEAN IVORY ORNAMENTS .- Rub them well with fresh butter, i. e., without salt, and place them thus in full sunshine. SNUFFLES .- A drop of luke-warm water poured in each nostril will always relieve an infant of snuffling .- [N. Y. Times. A SECRET WORTH KNOWING BY HOUSEKEEP-ERS.—A sort of trade secret among upholsterers

it is said is this recipe for ridding furniture of moths:-A set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvæ, from the month it came new, and from which hundreds of these pests had been picked, and brushed, was set into a room by itself. Three gallons of benzine were purchased, at 30 cents a gallon, retail. Using a small watering pot, with a fine rose sprinkler, the whole upholstery was saturated through and through with the benzine. Result:-Every moth, larvæ and egg, was killed. The benzine dried out in a few hours, and its entire odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slightest harm happened to the varnish, or wood, or fabrics, or hair stuffing. That was months ago, and not a sign of a moth has since appeared. The carpets were also well sprinkled all round the sides of the room with equally good effect. For furs, flannels, indeed all woolen articles containing moths, benzine is most valuable. Put them in a box, sprinkle them with benzine, close the box tightly, and in a day or two the pests will be exterminated, and the benzine will all evaporate on opening. In using benzine great care should be taken that no fire is near by as the stuff in fluid or vapor form is very in-

BALSAM OINTMENT .- Two ounces of balsam fir: two ounces of mutton tallow; two ounces of beeswax, and two ounces of spirits of turpentine must be simmered together and well stirred then strained through a bit of coarse muslin, into a tin box or wide-mouthed bottle that can be kept close from the air. This is one of the best ointments that can be procured for burns, cracked hands, run-rounds on the fingers, and is equally good for wounds upon horses and cattle.

A CONVENIENT PLASTER.—Take one ounce of white rosin, once ounce of mutton tallow and one ounce of granulated sugar; simmer well together. Have ready half a yard of fine bleached cotton, and with a case knife spread the salve, while hot, over the surface of the cloth; spread it on evenly and quite thin. When cold, lay a thickness of tissue paper lightly over the surface. This will prove a constant comfort in little wounds, such as scratches, cuts or burns. A bit cut off and stuck over the place, is a quick cure, as it excludes the air and is not bulky or in the way, as finger rags always are.

NURSERY POWDER .- Take one ounce of pulverized hemlock bark, one ounce of magnesia, and one ounce of laundry starch; pulverize finely by laying upon a platter and grinding with a knife. Sift through a hair selve and put into a tight box, and you have the same article which costs you, if prepared by chemists, a dola puff of swan's down or scraped linen lint, if they think it better than a pinch sifted from between the thumb and finger.

CONVENIENT GLUE DISH .- Take a tin spice box that holds a half pound, put in three cents' worth of glue, broken into small pieces; whittle out a little spatula from wood, just long enough to stand in the box, fill the box half full of water, and set it on the stove to heat. When through using it put on the cover and set in a cool place; it is always convenient and handy.

WHERE THE STOMACH IS WEAK, its muscular action impaired, and its nerves oversensitive, but little food should be taken into it at a time, The best diet is skimmed milk, half a pint every four hours. When milk is not well-digested, lime-water is combined with it. Such foods as lime-water is combined with it. Such foods as coffee, tea and tobacco must, of course, be given up absolutely and at once. A sovereign article of diet is buttermilk. In buttermilk the casein of milk is coagulated and broken up, so that the stomach is spared two steps of the regular process of digestion. Another excellent preparation of milk is koumyss. It contains a good deal of carbonic acid. In all cases the stomach's work should be made easier by a diet consisting of eggs. milk, starchy vegetadiet consisting of eggs, milk, starchy vegeta-bles, stewed fruits and a little butter, with stale bread.—[Medical Record. CHILLINESS KILLS from Maine to Texas, in a

twelvemonth, as many victims as last year's visitation of yellow fever, and chilliness is what we seldom understand. We sit patiently in bad draughts, draughts under our doors, at our backs, in church, and we expose ourselves to unnecessary draughts for ventilation, which, however, should never blow upon ourselves. It may be doubted whether our own total abandonment of the night-caps and bed-curtains o our forefathers in winter times is altogether a our forefathers in winter times is altogether a sanitary improvement. The air of a bed-chamber should be pure air, purer than a furnaced house commonly provides, but with precautions for keeping the air pure, we think we might safely trust ourselves with the screens and night-caps of antiquity. Another modern idea is not to sleep in fiannel. True, fiannel may most judiciously be changed at night, but doe a bear take off his warm coat when he goes to sleep in a hollow tree, or a fox undress himself in his burrow? Another trouble is cold feet, and we may get damp feet from shoes that do and we may get damp feet from shoes that do not let in water. A child sits hours in school with a chill creeping through him from the soles of his feet, arising from wet shoe leather. It would be probably safer to run barefoot through the streets and dry our wet feet on a warm carnet when we get home than to sit hours. pet when we get home, than to sit hours with this dampness rising through our soles. A mother of a family who has successfully raised healthy children told us that her plan while her begins were young was to dress them warmly, especially their feet and chests, and let them take free exercise in any weather. But she always exacted that they should come home when damp or chilled. She ordered them to run home through any rain rather than take refuge anywhere after they had been rained upon, and upon reaching home, if cold or damp upon, and upon reaching home, if cold or damp, she always superintended their putting on warm stockings and dry shoes. We can offer no better suggestion. "Fresh air with due care" is the precaution against consumption. In conclusion, we will add for the benefit of that class of the community who, as we have said, delight in remedies and precautions the said, delight in remedies and precautions, the recipe for a cold given by Gen. George Washington to an old lady in Newport when a young girl in 1781. He was lodged in her father's house—the old Vernon mansion—and as she was sent early to bed with a bad cold, he remarked to Mrs. Vernon: "My own remedy, my dear madam, is always to eat just before I step into bed a hot roasted onion if I have a cold."—[Baltimore

Systematic Housekeeping.—Have a day for each part of the heavy work. Monday, washing. Have a drying-room or balcony for drying in wet weather. Always dry the tubs and boilers nicely before putting them away. If possible, have a wire line in the yard for drying clothes. Use borax instead of soda if the water is hard. is hard. As much care should be given to the rinsing as to the washing of clothes. Take great pains in folding down the clothes, as this facilitates the ironing. Tuesday, ironing and baking. Wednesday, clean pantries and cupboards, drawers and the cellar. Thursday, sweep up stairs; do this so well that each bedroom will smell fresh and new. Don't be afraid of sunshine and air to assist in cleaning. Wear a dust cap and mittens whose wristlets extend over the dress-sleeve. With neatly-combed hair, tidy-dressed feet, and a working dress in repair, you need not be ashamed because Count Noaccount gets a glimpse of you at your work. Friday, sweep halls and stairs, and all of down stairs. Disarrange only one room at a time. Pin a cloth to your broom and brush away cobwebs. Sweep your rooms twice, and many carpets are improved by taking a damp cloth, wringing it out frequently in a pail of water, and wiping the dust off the carpet. Saturday, clean kitchen, bake and prepare for Sunday. Let every Sunday afternoon be a rest and recreation. Do as little extra cooking as possi-ble on the Sabbath. Gentility counts for a greater value than show. By doing this only you will have time to read the newspapers and magazines. Keep up with your music, or take up a course of study or reading. Medicine and hygiene are fit studies for a housekeeper. If you have a physician in sickness, you can aid him by careful nursing; if you have none near, you may save the life of a dear one. You would could long years to accomplish so much study long years to accomplish so much.-[Th Housekeeper.

How to See the Wind.—Much advice has been given as to how to "raise the wind." The following information about seeing the wind 1; not uninteresting:—Take a polished metallic surface with a straight edge—a large handsaw will answer the purpose. Choose a windy day whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only le not rain or the air be murky; in other it words, let the air be dry and clear, but this is not essential. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—namely, if the wind is north, hold your surface namely, if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding the sureast and west, but instead of holding the surface vertically incline it about forty-five degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking glances and flows over the edge (keeping it straight) as water over a dam. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply defined object, and you will see the air flowing over as water flows over a dam. Make your observations carefully, and you will hardly fail to see the air, no matter how cold; the result is even better when the sun is obscured. better when the sun is obscured.

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